

Ye Olde  
Colonnade

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## IN ALL SERIOUSNESS:

*Old Business:* Oops—we goofed. *Winter Scenes* (Fall, 1962 issue, p. 31) were done by Judy Cooper. Our apologies for not giving due credit.

*New Business:* There is a school of literary criticism which advocates a critical method by which all of the literature of the world could be placed in one room and judged by the same criteria. Similarly, this issue of the *Colonnade* has attempted to put some of the literary classics of England into one age—the modern age—and apply to these classics present day themes—politics, manners, current events, world affairs, and various social problems.

Consider the Chaucer parody. An example of a modern pilgrimage that parallels the one described in *The Canterbury Tales* is the annual summer pilgrimage to Europe, taken by persons from various walks of life. In order to parody Chaucer's theme, the writer must choose characters who represent shades of modern society, just as Chaucer's pilgrims represented aspects of Middle English society.

In addition to paralleling the theme of the chosen selection, the parodist must also parallel as closely as possible the original style. Again let us refer to Chaucer. The original *Canterbury Tales* consists primarily of a series of couplets written in iambic pentameter. In addition, the "Tales" contain many lines ending in a final pronounced "e," such as the words "arte" and "hearte,"—a distinct characteristic of Middle English. Both these features are exhibited in this parody of *The Canterbury Tales*. In a like manner, the rest of the parodies in this magazine are close representations of the original authors' themes and styles.

When you turn the page, you will enter a world that we hope you will find amusing. Sae for the pleasure of our guid readers, we present *Ye Olde Colonnade*.

— R. S. W.

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# Ye Olde Colonnade

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## PREFACE

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One can study great literature in two ways—by reading the books and by listening to records. If you have tried this on your phonograph, you know by now that this is not a record. So we must therefore rule out approach number two. We hope our readers will “bear with us” even though we are using a rather outmoded approach.

We selected the works of the writers included in this issue by combing through many, many libraries. Our experienced and well-qualified staff spent hours carefully measuring the dust on book jackets in order to bring to you the “best of the classics.”

### COPYRIGHT

We don't have one.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We acknowledge all the writers whose work we used and all the people who helped us to find these works.



## *BOBBY*

**L**o! We have all heard of the mighty deeds of the Kennedy clan, how Joseph went about earning money from the whiskey trade and how, as ambassador to England, he sought to strengthen the bonds between that country and this. Fame he won for that and many the people who came to know him that had not known him before. He was a rich ambassador!

To him in after time four sons were born, who were sent for a help to the people; and there was Joe who fought fiercely in battles between warring nations; and there was Jack who eventually rose to ruler of his country, and Ted who ruled one of the factions of the country. Also, there was Bobby, who hoped to some day rule the country and whose deeds are hereafter told. In time Joseph settled down to enjoy his wealth and the days went by and peace was over the land. The people were happy and prosperous and the fame of the four sons spread far and wide.



There was within the country long years before, a group of wagon-masters and coach-drivers who were not satisfied with the conditions of their tasks. It came to their minds to bid the men to band together so that their lifted voices would be greater than men had ever heard. This they did and waxed prosperous for long years and the members were carefree and contented.

Then the demon fell that dwelt in the shadows of this peaceful group, long waiting until he saw his chance to strike. Several years had he been lurking, watching the treasure increase. Grimly set he forth to grab the gold.

He gathered all the gold unto himself until there went up a great cry from the people which spread far and wide to every corner of the land, and all came to know of the deeds of the demon. Their cries came to the ears of Bobby, bravest of the brave, who was raised in sympathy to their troubles, and he made preparation to go to their aid. After his father's blessing was bestowed, Bobby selected his sword Legissharpis to help him with his task, and he set out.

Straight away he arrived at the House of Many Seats where he was received and requested to state his mission. "Thy loud cries have reached my ear and touched my heart," he announced, "and I am come to aid thee. Bobby is my name. With my trusty sword Legissharpis I will fiercely fight the dragon that plagues you." The people were joyous, and they looked to him with hope in their hearts, and all settled down to await the approach of the monster.

Presently he again stalked amongst the group and made known his presence, and Bobby stepped forward and his sword glittered in his hand and the blazing battle began. Much time went by while the battle raged. The hearts of the people listened for victory, but only nine were brave enough to venture forth should their hero need help. The battle continued. Then in the thick of it, there came a great roar from the dragon and he fell wounded to the ground. A joyful cry went up from the people, and they swamped with gratitude their hero. Quietly the dragon crawled away to nurse his wounds and to prepare for his return.

## SIR GAWAIN *and the* MODERN DRAGON

Near drew the time for the banquet which was to take place.  
In splendor the fairest of the land were arrayed and awaiting  
The pleasure forthcoming. All were eager and seemed  
To sense the excitement of tales of adventure and mystery.  
Such miraculous marvels one might believe of meetings  
And conferences, of worthy deeds. Thus was the essence  
Of those assembled awaiting the evening's enjoyment.

And thus,  
With faces bright and clear,  
Each sat at his place  
Making leisurely cheer  
And full of goodly grace.

The knight of the hall stood sturdy and strong. Then entered  
His lady, nervous and pale, who told him of trouble  
In the castle, not far from where the guests were seated.  
He quickly arose and hurried away to battle  
Whatever thing had dared to intrude on this night.  
Only a thing most evil would dare to intrude.  
The guests kept their seats and wondered what would be the outcome.

The brave knight went,  
If necessary to fight  
This fearsome thing  
And give his life,  
Security to bring to his wife.

The intruder ne'er moved as the knight approached, but waited.  
The knight never faltered, his hand unwavering reached out  
For the monster; he pulled it to him. The monster shone brightly,  
His wicked teeth glistening. The battle waxed furious between  
The two fighters. The knight gave a cry as his hand was wounded,  
But continued the battle, his anger aroused. With a blow  
He was conquerer. The monster succumbed to his might.

And so —  
The guests raised up a cheer.  
Now they could begin to eat.  
This knight of the new frontier  
Had given the can opener its defeat.



*Jeffrey  
Caustic*

## *NO CANTERBURY TALES*

Wha that faire Juné with her breezes sunny  
Comes in, the travel agents maké money  
By selling tickets to Europé's shrinés  
To pilgrims travelling via ocean liners.  
Bifel that in this season I did wend  
My journey on the ocean to begin.  
Me thynketh it a good idea now  
To tell you of the pilgrims, why and how  
They came to be a part of such a thinge,  
And what joy to my trippe they did bringe.

A businessman there was with lots of money.  
His jokes were loud and sometimes rather funny.  
He thought to be unhappy was a sinne  
And cheered by telling all his jokes aginè.  
His liveliness reflected in his dress;  
He wore a flowered shirt beneath his vest.  
He merry was, and lovéd dance and song,  
And, too, his wife, whom he had brought along.

She was a lady mannered well and bredé  
And of the greatest writers widely reade.  
She loved to talk of culture and of arte,  
For most of Edgar Guest she knew by heart.  
She was a careful critic of the best,  
Each writer was severely put to test,  
And if he was suggestive she would frowne.  
This lady was the censor of her towne.

Along with us there was a novelist  
Who gave our conversations no assist.  
A man he was who needed no vacation  
Away from trained powers of observation.  
A pipe he smoked and wore a black beret.  
He never said a word the livelong day,  
But sat and pierced us thru with such a looke,  
We all expect to be in his next booke.

A teacher in a college widely-knowne  
Had saved for a long time all her money  
To go abroad and see the many places  
She had discussed in all of her classes.  
A camera in her hand she always carried;  
We all knew well that she had never married,  
But had devoted all her life to teaching,  
And for more knowledge she was always reaching.

A peace corp volunteer was there also  
Who had decided comfort to forego  
To sail for foreign lands for his countree.  
A brilliant lad (he told us oft') was he.  
'Twould be a full two years till he came backe.  
So — on this trip we saw there was no lacke  
Of food and smoke and drink and lady friends  
Before our pleasant journey reached its ends.

With us there was a fine evangelist  
Whose goodly sermons we did never miss.  
He looked on oratory as a worthless arte,  
For every word he spoke came from the hearte.  
To him all worldliness was profanation;  
He spoke right well on hellfire and damnation.  
In dress and speech, he was a simple man.  
Though fine in health, he always looked wan.

Now have I told you truly in a clause  
The pilgrims there, and what their reason was.  
The first day of our trip I thought it well  
For each of our compaignye a tale to tell.  
The teacher and the jolly businessman  
Both thought my quaint idea a noble one.  
The evangelist, the wife, the volunteer  
Said loudly that they thought the idea queer.  
The novelist refused to add a vote,  
But merely sat with pen in hand and wrote.  
Good reader, please forgive me that I fail  
Because the story ends with nary tale.

## THE REDCROSSE QUEENE

1

A battered Knight was bleeding on the fiele  
Ycladd in uniform with burnished silver star  
His shirt of greene red-splatteréd revealed  
A tragedie hadde struck him not from far;  
Yet weapons did he have not in his hand.  
A quiet jeep it rested on one side  
As if to speak the General not so grand  
That he could not be taken for a ride  
And flung from that fair chariot's inside.

2

Upon his side ycame a caravan of white  
With siren that did loudlie singe his praise.  
It made full panting stop upon his right.  
The fairest Ladie spied he in his days  
Did from this purest vessel out  
And on her snowy breast a Crosse so redde  
At the goodlie knight did sweetlie pout  
With softest hands caressed his weary head  
The valiant soldier felt he far from dead.

3

That Redcrosse Ladie did so helpful prove  
In caring for the slightly injured knight  
That full soon found he himself in love.  
She wrapped him in her warmest arms so white  
And carried him into her goodlie hearse  
And then the fairest maiden she did spake:  
"Good Knight, unloose the stringes of your purse  
And I will from your store a small sum take  
Or I will not your silly cure ymake."



## GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

*By Gus Gullible*

Unable to tolerate my home life, especially my dear wife, for another moment, I decided to make my fourth journey. The other three voyages had been just as quickly decided as this, and had definitely been very successful in restoring my sanity. Before I go any further, perhaps I should introduce myself. I am the famed Gus Gullible.

Securing the necessary equipment for the journey was easier this time than ever before. Now the people at the station no longer considered me of unusual character. It took no time at all for me to gather all of my necessities and head for the latest and fastest ship. The take-off was good, and as I travelled those first thousand miles, everything was going along quite smoothly.

I must have made a mistake in direction at some time in the beginning of the journey, because I suddenly saw before me a strange planet that I had not noticed in previous flights. As I contemplated my position I happened to glance at the control board. The instruments no longer functioned. Needles were pointing in the wrong direction and bells were clanging all around me. I tried all of the devices I knew to turn the ship, but this planet kept coming closer and closer until I could see the very mountaintop directly beneath me.

I have no idea how long I was unconscious. The ship was no longer moving, and everything was in shambles around me. Cautiously I climbed over the mass of rubble to the nearest window. I could see creatures, who couldn't have been over three feet high, running around in mass confusion. Some of them were on their knees praising some other creatures. The superior creatures they were praising were most unusual — they had four legs.

My curiosity was so overwhelming that I took none of the necessary precautions in descending from the ship. It was very fortunate for me that the oxygen was similar to that of earth, or I probably would have died with that first deep breath of fresh air. A small creature, who was the only two-legged being that didn't run, stood pointing at the four-legged creatures repeating the word "mooning." This I assumed to be their name. I drew near the small creature. It glanced up and saw me coming, drew its loose white garments about itself, jumped to its feet, and ran from sight.

I was alone with the Moonings now. They paid no particular attention to me. Never have I seen such bravery! I cautiously approached two of them who stood complacently together. I used every language I could remember, but they paid no attention. Another Mooning drew near, and I thought perhaps he would speak to me. Instead he pushed me out of the way and began talking to the others by way of strange antennae that were affixed to the top of his head. I kept hoping that they were discussing me and would soon pay some attention to my pleas for help, but my hopes were futile.

Slowly I made my way back to the ship, where I spent the night trying to restore some of the equipment. It was an impossible task without help. I realized this towards morning, so I rested for a few hours. Upon awakening I again left the ship to find some help.

The creatures with two legs did not run from me this time. They were absorbed in a strange ritual. Each of them sat on a small chair by the Mooning and excitedly extracted some sacred liquid from the Mooning. They then raised their containers to their lips and drank deeply of the liquid. This ritual was, I suppose, to impart to them the strength and bravery of the superior being.

All during the day I observed the communications of the two-legged creatures. The two syllables most prevalent were "Ne-ru." From this I gathered their name to be Neruians. I went back to work on my space ship, this time with the help of some of the smaller Neruians whom I managed to bribe. By midafternoon, we had completed the essential repairs.

As we were putting the necessary parts back in place, there came from the area around the ship the sound of many voices shouting, "Maoians!" "Maoians!" Screams and chashes became louder. My help abandoned me. I had no choice but to follow them outside.

There, on the ground not twenty feet from the ship, was a dead Mooning. There were scattered around him the dead bodies of strange creatures. The peaceful Moonings and the previously contented Neruians were all chasing the foreign creatures.

As I stood on the steps to the space ship, I envied the valiant Moonings who were able to create such love in their subjects' hearts. There was such perfect harmony between superior being and vassal. No such thing existed on earth. I wished I could stay in this ideal spot, but earth and people like myself beckoned. Farewell to Moonings and Neruians.



## SEDUCTION OF A "MISS"

### CANTO I

The dawn peeped shyly through the clouds one day  
And finding life was tranquil deigned to stay.  
She lovingly caressed a blushing state  
That minds so oft' revered do Southern rate.  
Fair "Miss" bestirred herself and looked around.  
Her learned halls were yet without a sound.  
(And Future's voice if it had had a say  
Would pray to Fate that it had stayed that way.)  
But Future's voice is seldom listened to  
And so fair "Miss" began a day so new.  
She spoke one word — the venerable old clock rang  
As if in answer lesser cohorts sang.  
Each member rose for there was much to do  
Of lessons, fun before the day was through.  
Oh Dawn! Your heav'nly beauty fills the place  
With golden light and radiating grace.  
But Fate unseen spins on with laughing eyes  
For this fair scene she plans a cruel surprise.

### CANTO II

An evil spirit came o'er all the land  
And there within the hearts of people found  
A place wherein to play her evil deeds  
Where honey-suckled customs grew like weeds.  
And now came one not light of face and form,  
The Focal image of a culture's scorn.  
Fair "Miss" he loved and could not see just why  
He should not be with her if he but try.  
And so upon this scene he came one day.  
To all around it looked as though he'd stay.

### CANTO III

The goddess Fate had chosen for this day  
Was now in power — Prejudice held sway.  
“To Arms! To Arms!” “Miss” screeched, then fell aswoon.  
“This man must be removed,” I say, “and soon.”  
The frightened mortal stared at dainty “Miss.”  
He never thought to find a fuss like this.  
If truth were but revealed he turned quite pale  
And had he stayed that way there’d be no tale.  
Her students now all rushed to her defense.  
They’d pick him up and send him packing hence.  
His victory being in question, he would leave  
When from the crowd a man caught hold his sleeve.  
“Oh wait!” he cried, “And soon my friends and I  
Will join with you and win her by and by.”  
His friends were strong and though from far away  
They soon arrived and settled down to stay.  
Fair “Miss” the battle lost. He won the day.  
But she just sulked and not a word would say.  
And through this drama that was so much chaff  
The evil fates looked on and could but laugh.



*Bob*  
*Burning*

## *A WHITE WAX ROSE*

Oh, my luv is like a white wax rose  
That's never meant to fade.  
Her beauty comes from packages  
And strong elastic aid.

Your lite-brite hair is twisted high;  
I cannot find your head;  
But if I could, 'tis sure I'd luv  
Each hair, though it were red.

From 'neath the rouge and powder thick  
Despite your towering height;  
You'll ne'er forget Dior, Chanel  
Or from pointed toe take flight

And fare thee weel, oh fashion world!  
Malnourished luv, farewell!  
And I'll return again to breathe  
Your artificial smell.

## *THE LITTLE WHITE BOY*

My mother raised me on a Southern plantation  
And I am white, and, yes, my soul is white.  
Black as the devil is the Negro nation,  
But I am white, and I stand to the right.

Beside the great magnolia tree,  
As it drew near the close of day,  
Mother sat me at her knee  
And of the Southern Cross did say:

“Look toward the Southern Cross, my son!  
I’ll ever hope and pray  
The white of races, one  
By grace of God will stay.

“This Southern garden we must nurse  
And cultivate to full fruition  
And prevent cross-breeding that’s adverse  
To the gentle cavalier tradition.”

So oft’ my mother cautioned me,  
That I must warn the small black boy  
If ever he imagines to be free  
To rise to higher standards of employ

A faded wild flower his ambition be.  
’Twill wither on the vine and fall to dust.  
But will have a blissful life of pleasantry,  
If he will but his small white master trust.



*Will*  
*Wordless*

## *SHE DWELT AMONG the TRODDEN WAYS*

She dwelt among the trodden ways  
Beside the springs of gin,  
A lass amid the glittered maze,  
Caressed in the finery of sin.

A snapdragon in a garden of red  
Boldly weaving to and fro,  
As fair as an old shoe well tread,  
Gentle as the hands of a frenzied soul.

She lived well known by all, and few  
Were sad to see her pass;  
But she is in her tomb still stewed  
And, oh, how I hate to drink alone.

## *MOVIE TSARS*

In Hollywood did movie tsars  
A stately pleasure town decree:  
L. A., the muddy river, ran  
Through movie lots of worth to man  
Down to a smog-hung sea.  
So thrice ten miles of well-trod ground  
With sets and cameras girdled round:  
And there were actors dressed in costumed frills,  
Where blossomed many a palm and redwood tree  
And here were many parties on the hills  
Where one get food and beverages for free.

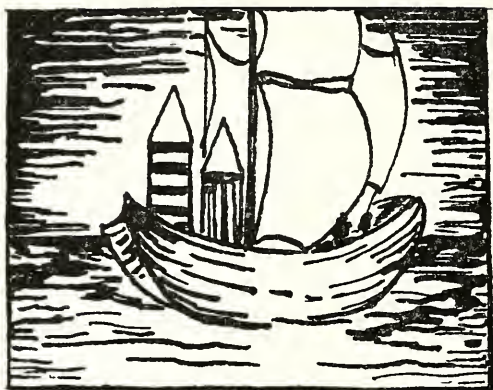
A starlet with her blonde-streaked hair  
In a movie once I saw.  
She was a friend of the producer  
Which was quite obvious to the peruser  
And to the discerning critic.  
If memories betray me  
Her figure and performance  
To such a deep distate 'twould win me  
That would cause such great abhorrence  
I would fall beneath my chair!  
That sunny land! that Hollywood!  
And all who want to should go there  
And we could cry, Beware! Beware!  
Their red-rimmed eyes, their tinted hair,  
Rumors woven by columnists' jaws.  
Best ope' your eyes, curiosity led,  
For they on flattery have fed  
And drunk the wine of wild applause.

*Percy  
Selley*



## *STALIN*

While traveling in a foreign land  
I saw a vast and broken monument  
Standing in the square . . . Near it, on the ground,  
Remains of a once proud figure lies  
Where his people, over whom he ruled supreme,  
Scattered his ruins to be forgotten and despised.  
His lust for power and his ruthlessness  
Have shared his fate, a lesson perhaps  
To his successor whose boast rings out:  
"I am Khrushchev — ruler of the world.  
Americans beware! We will bury you!"  
And History smiles with cold contempt,  
Knowing that his destiny will follow  
That of others who would be God.



*Al  
Tennyton*

## ***BREAK, BREAK, BREAK***

Break, Break, Break

Up thy missile sites, O Isle!  
If you would you should dismantle.  
At last our nation is riled.

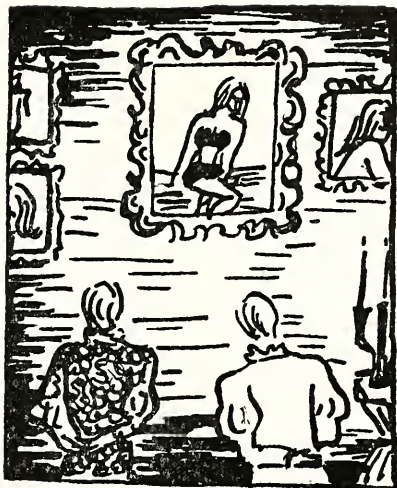
O, down with the communist's boy,  
Who plans with his comrade a plot!  
O, down with the Cuban lad,  
Who along with his sugar was bought!

And the U. S. ships go down  
To their fortress 'round by the bay;  
And at battle stations men stand firm,  
To turn armed ships away!

Break, break, break  
At the sight of thy sites, O Isle!  
For the iron hand of T. R. who is dead  
May come again for awhile.



Bob  
Browns



## MY LOST BUNNY

*Heifner*

That's my lost Bunny pictured in the frame.  
You'd not know girl and photo were the same,  
If you'd seen her before I took her in  
And gave her much of wealth and fame and men.  
If you'll look closely I'm sure you will see  
Her eyes' look that was not so clear to me.  
But I will be quite honest with you, sir,  
Others said there was nothing wrong with her.  
She found a slight diversion with those looks  
Which soon progressed to magazines, to books.  
Oh, she was ready at my beck and call,  
But, to those books she'd also give her all.  
Next, deep in conversation her I spied,  
And the look which played upon her face belied  
A spot of fire I had not kindled there.  
Ingratitude! She could have feigned to care  
That I had given her the name she wore.  
Yet, she entered in and passed through my door  
As if I were equal to the many  
Along the way. I could not stop any  
Who helped her in the state of overdress  
In which she kept her mind. Thus, under stress  
I tried myself to force the supple clay  
Into the mold. Alas, she broke away!  
This picture is all that is left to me;  
She now goes to the university.  
Somehow she got that into her head.  
But as for me, she might as well be dead.

## THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

The bay is still tonight,  
The fog is thick, the ferry glides smooth  
Upon the sea; — on the skyline, the neon lights  
Blink and disappear; the slums of Manhattan lie  
Gray and interminable across the slime green sea.  
Come to the ship's rail, drab is the night sky!  
Just from the oil stained waters  
Striking the wooden pier,  
Listen! you hear the smack  
Of debris which the tide spits  
On its advance on concrete stands.

Immigrants of ages past  
Heard it on Ellis Island, and to them  
It meant they had found the plenteous land  
Of waste; we  
Hear in the splash of backwash the ancient spiel  
Of *laissez faire* and liberty.

The pool of plenty  
Lay, once, bright and shining  
Like a bright gem resting on the country's breast.  
But now we only know  
Its poor expiring gasp,  
Taxed by the grasping wind  
Flinging fortune round  
To the neutral corners  
And impoverished hovels of the world.

Full Fortune, We must bid adieu  
To one another! for that shore, which reels  
Before us glittering like a ferris wheel,  
So glistening, so bountiful, so new,  
Hath really neither gold, nor plenty, nor security,  
Nor wealth, nor opportunity, nor enterprise that's free;  
And we are here confronted by a carny shark,  
Where gambling suckers lose to the dark.

FINIS

